

But for my Sport, and Profit: I hate the Moore,
And it is thought abroad, that 'twixt my sheets
She ha's done my Office. I know not if 't be true,
But I, for meere Suspition in that kinde,
Will do, as if for Surety. He holds me well,
The better shall my purpose worke on him:
Cassio's a proper man: Let me see now,
To get his Place, and to plume vp my will
In double Knauery. How? How? Let's see.
After some time, to abuse Othello's eares,
That he is too familiar with his wife:
He hath a perfon, and a smooth dispose
To be suspected: fram'd to make women false.
The Moore is of a free, and open Nature,
That thinkes men honest, that but seeme to be so,
And will as tenderly be lead by th' Nose
As Asles are:
I haue't: it is engendred: Hell, and Night,
Must bring this monstrous Birth, to the worlds light.

Actus Secundus. Scena Prima.

Enter Montano, and two Gentlemen.

Mon. What from the Cape, can you discerne at Sea?
1. Gent. Nothing at all, it is a high wrought Flood:
I cannot 'twixt the Heauen, and the Maine,
Descry a Saile.

Mon. Me thinks, the wind hath spoke aloud at Land,
A fuller blast ne're shooke our Battlements:
If it hath ruffian'd so vpon the Sea,
What ribbes of Oake, when Mountaines melt on them,
Can hold the Morties. What shall we heare of this?

2. A Segregation of the Turkish Fleet:
For do but stand vpon the Foaming Shore,
The chidden Billow seemes to pelt the Clouds,
The winde-shak'd-Surge, with high & monstrous Maine
Seemes to cast water on the burning Beare,
And quench the Guards of th' euer-fixed Pole:
I neuer did like molestation view
On the enchaufed Flood.

Mon. If that the Turkish Fleete
Be not enshelter'd, and embay'd, they are drown'd,
It is impossible to beare it out.

Enter a Gentleman.

3. Newes Laddes: our warres are done:
The desperate Tempest hath so bang'd the Turkes,
That their designement halts. A Noble ship of Venice,
Hath seene a greuous wracke and sufferance
On most part of their Fleet.

Mon. How? Is this true?
3. The Ship is heere put in: A *Varenossia*, Michael Cassio
Lieutenant to the warlike Moore, *Othello*,
Is come on Shore: the Moore himselfe at Sea,
And is in full Commission heere for Cyprus.

Mon. I am glad on't:
'Tis a worthy Governour.

3. But this same Cassio, though he speake of comfort,
Touching the Turkish losse, yet he lookes sadly,
And prayes the Moore be safe; for they were parted
With foule and violent Tempest.

Mon. Pray Heauens he be:

For I haue seru'd him, and the man commands
Like a full Soldier. Let's to the Sea-side (ho)
As well to see the Vessell that's come in,
As to throw-out our eyes for braue *Othello*,
Euen till we make the Maine, and th' Eriall blew,
An indistinct regard.

Gent. Come, let's do so;
For every Minute is expectancie
Of more Arriuance.

Enter Cassio.

Cassio. Thanks you, the valiant of the warlike Isle,
That so approue the Moore: Oh let the Heauens
Giue him defence against the Elements,
For I haue lost him on a dangerous Sea.

Mon. Is he well ship'd?
Cassio. His Barke is stoutly Timber'd, and his Pylor
Of verie expert, and approu'd Allowance;
Therefore my hope's (not surfett'd to death)
Stand in bold Cure.

Within. A Saile, a Saile, a Saile.

Cassio. What noise?
Gent. The Towne is empty; on the brow o' th' Sea
Stand ranks of People, and they cry, a Saile.

Cassio. My hopes do shape him for the Governour.
Gent. They do discharge their Shot of Courttesie,
Our Friends, at least.

Cassio. I pray you Sir, go forth,
And giue vs truth who 'tis that is arriu'd.

Gent. I shall. Exit.
Mon. But good Lieutenant, is your Generall wi'd?
Cassio. Most fortunately: he hath atchieu'd a Maid
That paragons description, and wilde Fame:
One that excels the quirks of Blazoning pens,
And in the essentiall Vesture of Creation,
Do's tyre the Ingeniuer.

Enter Gentleman.

How now? Who ha's put in?

Gent. 'Tis one *Iago*, Auncient to the Generall.
Cassio. Ha's had most fauourable, and happie speed:
Tempests themselves, high Seas, and howling winde,
The gutter'd-Rockes, and Congregated Sands,
Traitors ensteep'd, to enclodge the guiltlesse Keele,
As hauing fence of Beautie, do omit
Their mortall Natures, letting go safely by
The Diuine *Desdemona*.

Mon. What is she?
Cassio. She that I spake of:

Our great Captains Captaine,
Left in the conduct of the bold *Iago*,
Whose footing heere anticipates our thoughts,
A Senights speed. Great Loue, *Othello* guard,
And swell his Saile with thine owne powrefull breath,
That he may blesse this Bay with his tall Ship,
Make loues quick pants in *Desdemona*'s Armes,
Giue renew'd fire to our extincted Spirits.

Mon. What is she?
Cassio. She that I spake of:

Enter *Desdemona*, *Iago*, *Roderigo*, and *Emilia*.
Oh behold,
The Riches of the Ship is come on shore:
You men of Cyprus, let her haue your knees.
Haile to thee Ladie: and the grace of Heauens,
Before, behinde thee, and on euery hand
Enwheele thee round.

Def. I thanke you, Valiant Cassio,
What tydings can you tell of my Lord?

Cassio.

Cas. He is not yet arriu'd, nor know I ought
But that he's well, and will be shortly heere.

Def. Oh, but I feare:
How lost you company?

Cassio. The great Contentment of Sea, and Skies
Parted our fellowship. But heare, a Saile.

Within. A Saile, a Saile.

Gent. They giue this greeting to the Cittadell:
This likewise is a Friend.

Cassio. See for the Newes:
Good Ancient, you are welcome. Welcome Mistris:
Let it not gaul your patience (good *Iago*)

That I extend my Manners. 'Tis my breeding,
That giues me this bold shew of Courttesie.

Iago. Sir, would she giue you so much of her lippes,
As of her tongue she oft bestowes on me,
You would haue enough.

Def. Alas: she ha's no speech.

Iago. Infait too much:

I finde it still, when I haue leaue to sleepe.

Marry before your Ladyship, I grant,

She puts her tongue a little in her heart,

And chides with thinking.

Emil. You haue little cause to say so.

Iago. Come on, come on: you are Pictures out of
doore: Bells in your Parlours: Wilde-Cats in your Kit-
chens: Saints in your Iniuries: Duels being offended:
Players in your Hufwiferie, and Hufwiues in your
Beds.

Def. Oh, she vpon thee, Slanderer.

Iago. Nay, it is true: or else I am a Turke,

You rise to play, and go to bed to worke.

Emil. You shall not write my praise.

Iago. No, let me not.

Desde. What would'st write of me, if thou should'st
praise me?

Iago. Oh, gentle Lady, do not put me too t,

For I am nothing, if not Criticall,

Def. Come on, as say.

There's one gone to the Harbour?

Iago. I Madam.

Def. I am not merry: but I do beguile

The thing I am, by seeming otherwise.

Come, how would'st thou praise me?

Iago. I am about it, but indeed my inuention comes
from my pate, as Birdlyme do's from Freeze, it pluckes
out Braines and all. But my Muse labours, and thus she
is deliuer'd.

If she be faire, and wife: fairenesse, and wit,

The ones for vs, the other vseth it.

Def. Well prais'd:

How if she be Blacke and Witty?

Iago. If she be blacke, and thereto haue a wit;

She's find a white, that shall her blacknesse fit.

Def. Worse, and worse.

Emil. How if Faire, and Foolish?

Iago. She neuer yet was foolish that was faire,

For euen her folly helpt her to an heire,

Desde. These are old fond Paradoxes, to make Fooles
laugh i'th' Alehouse. What miserable praise hast thou
for her that's Foule, and Foolish?

Iago. There's none so foule and foolish thereunto,
But do's foule pranks, which faire, and wise-ones do.

Desde. Oh heauy ignorance: thou praisest the worst
best. But what praise could'st thou bestow on a defer-
ring woman indeed? One, that in the authorithy of her

merit, did iustly put on the vouch of very malice
selfe.

Iago. She that was euer faire, and neuer proud,
Had Tongue as will, and yet was neuer loud:
Neuer lackt Gold, and yet went neuer gay,
Fled from her wife, and yet said now I may,
She that being angred, her reuenge being nie,
Zad her wrong stay, and her displeasure flie:
She that in wisdom neuer was so fraile,
To change the Cods-head for the Salmons taile:
She that could thinke, and neu'r disclose her mind,
See Suitors following, and not looke behind:
She was a wight, (if euer such wights were)

Def. To do what?

Iago. To suckle Fooles, and chronicle small Beere.

Desde. Oh most lame and impotent conclusion. Do
not learne of him *Emilia*, though he be thy husband.
How say you (*Cassio*) is he not a most prophane, and li-
berall Counsaillor?

Cassio. He speakes home (Madam) you may tellish
him more in the Souldier, then in the Schooller.

Iago. He takes her by the palme: I, well said, whif-
per. With as little a web as this, will I ensnare as great
a Fly as *Cassio*. I smile vpon her, do: I will giue thee
in thine owne Courtship. You say true, 'tis to indeed,
If such tricks as these strip you out of your Lieutenan-
trie, it had bene better you had not kiss'd your three fin-
gers so oft, which now againe you are most apt to play
the Sir, in. Very good: well kiss'd, and excellent Cur-
tie: 'tis so indeed. Yet againe, your fingers to your
lippes? Would they were Cluster-pipes for your
sake.

The Moore I know his Trumpet.

Cassio. 'Tis truely so.

Def. Let's meete him, and recieue him.

Cassio. Loe, where he comes.

Enter *Othello*, and Attendants.

Oth. O, my faire Warriour.

Def. My deere *Othello*.

Oth. It giues me wonder great, as my content

To see you heere before me.

Oh my Soules Toy:

If after euerie Tempest, come such Calmes,

May the winde blow, till they haue waken'd death:

And let the labouring Barke climbe hills of Seas

Olympus high: and duck againe as low,

As hell's from Heauen. If it were now to dye,

'Twere now to be most happy. For I feare,

My Soule hath her content to absolute,

That not another comfort like to this,

Succeedes in vknowne Fate.

Def. The Heauens forbid

But that our Loues

And Comforts should encrease

Euen as our dayes do grow.

Oth. Amen to that (sweet Powers)

I cannot speake enough of this content,

It stoppes me heere: it is too much of ioy.

And this, and this the greatest discords be

That ere our hearts shall make.

Iago. Oh you are well tun'd now: But Ile set downe

the peggs that make this Musicke, as honest as I am.

Oth.